

Day 2 - July 12: No Wonder I Get Excited by Cammerel

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Summary:

We're roommates but we're falling for each other.

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For most of Steve's younger teenage years, he spent his time at home alone.

Sure, he was good at keeping himself company...

He'd play music loud and dance around the house *Footloose* and *Risky Business* style, cut a rug, get super drunk until he passed out. He'd watch any and every movie he could get his hands on.

But he did it all alone.

The first night with Nancy and Jonathan, though? Things go... a little differently.

Nancy goes to bed early, of course.

Jonathan, however, stays up with him watching *Back to the Future*, and then *Night of the Living Dead* until nearly two.

They share a giant bowl of popcorn and Jonathan sits with his legs crisscrossed, feet up on the couch as they lean into one another.

Eventually, he turns in for the night as well, which Steve expected, and Steve stays up.

He's a night owl by nature and he doesn't really get to sleep until four or five sometimes (if he's lucky), so he puts on a record - ABBA - dancing along to 'The Name of the Game' and spinning as he makes his way into the kitchen to wash dishes.

Mindful that there are two other people in the house with him now, he keeps his voice low, hands soapy as he cleans and sings along.

"And you make me talk," he scrubs the greasy popcorn bowl, "And you make me feel," he tosses it into the other side of the sink to rinse it off, grabbing up a fork to use as a microphone, "And you make me show..." he belts with them, "What I'm trying to conceal! If I -"

He turns, nearly jumping a foot in the air when he sees Nancy

standing there at the door to the kitchen, watching him.

“Jesus!” he puts his hand on his chest, collapsing against the counter, “Why would you sneak up like that?!”

She laughs softly, lifting her brows, her large nightgown making her small legs poking out look even smaller, “ABBA? Really, Steve?”

Steve smiles shyly and shrugs, “What? I love them.”

“Oh really?” Nancy says in challenge, walking backwards and turning to the record player, “Do you have... aha!” she changes out the records and sets the needle, looking at him as the song she picked starts up.

Steve nearly jumps again, this time in delight, darting out of the kitchen and grabbing her up in his arms, spinning her around.

“Nancy Wheeler!”

Nancy giggles as he sets her back down on her feet and they dance together, her head dropping back as she listens, smile wide as Steve starts singing along.

“Where they play the rock music,” he sings lowly and she matches the next line. He spins her out, rocking his hips and doing a simple little two step dance towards her, “You come to look for a king,” he motions to himself.

She laughs, almost missing the next line and raising her brows, “Anybody could be that... guy.”

“Night is young and the music’s-” he picks up as they both lean in, saying the last word together, “Hiiigh.”

Together, they get lost in the rest of the album, dancing until they’re tired and cleaning the last of the dishes before passing out together on the couch.

Steve’s up earlier than the both of them the next morning, draping the blanket from the back of the couch over Nancy and putting a pillow under her head as he walks into the kitchen to get breakfast

started.

Jonathan joins him only a few minutes later, helping him to set the table and start the coffee machine.

“So, what’s the plan for today?”

Steve stops, almost missing the flip for the omelette and looking to Jonathan in surprise, “Uh, ‘plan?’”

“Yeah,” Jonathan reaches out to help him, “You’re off work today, right?”

“I am.”

“We could finish unpacking some of Nancy’s stuff,” Jonathan says, their shoulders touching.

Steve nods along, mindlessly leaning into him, “Mmm, yeah.”

“We could pick up lunch and come back here?” Jonathan suggests, smirking, “Finish up the movies we rented and take them back before dinner? Get some others?”

Steve blinks as he starts to take it all in, a small smile forming on his lips, “You... wanna spend the day in? With me?”

Jonathan blushes, “I-I mean, unless you have somewhere else to be-”

“Nah,” Steve waves his hand, moving the omelette onto the plate and handing it over to him, “No, I’d... that sounds like a good idea. I’d... I’d like that.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Really?”

Steve smiles wide and nods, “Really. Go wake Nance up, will you? Sooner we eat, sooner we can get our day started.”

“Our day,” Jonathan repeats his words, smiling back, “Okay, yeah,

I'll go get her."

"She's on the couch," Steve says loudly when he sees Jonathan heading for the stairs.

"Couch? Why's she on the couch?"

Steve's smile grows fond, his eyes on the record player as he thinks of how the last 12 hours of his life have been.

He never realized how alone he'd felt at his parents all those years... not until now.